$2.95
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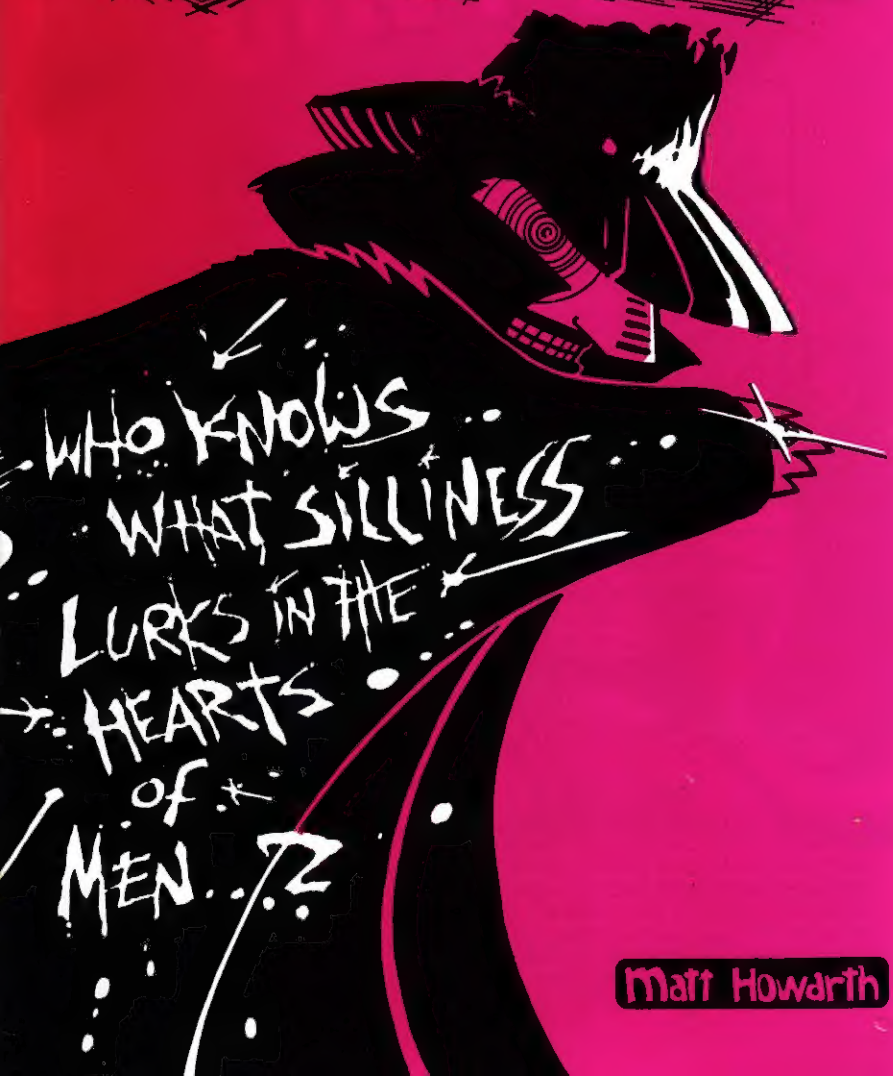
3 OF SIX

The Comix of Two Cities



Matt Howarth

One world...two cities...two cultures

Oppression

Revolution

Conflict

It's MOLE vs. CHUB

in

The Comix of Two Cities

by

Matt Howarth

based on life-forms created by THE RESIDENTS

This issue also features the talents of:

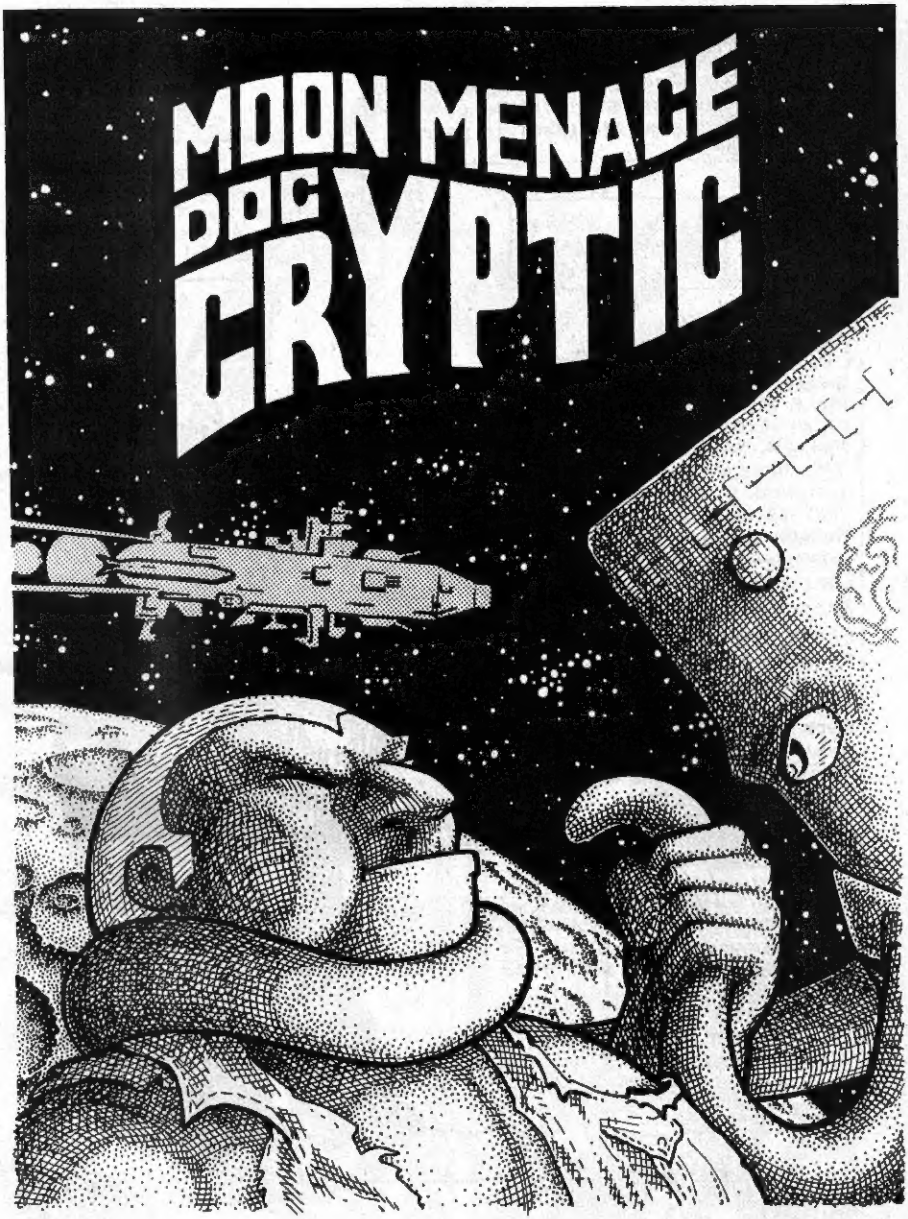
BRENDA BARROWS: photography on "Moon Menace".
FERRET: art on Groucho Mole page.
D. M. KISTER: art and script on "Le Cave Hermetic".
DANIEL SILK: co-script and models on "Moon Menace".

THE COMIX OF TWO CITIES #3. July 1996. Published by ÆON, 5014-D Roosevelt Way NE, Seattle, WA 98105. (206) 525-0632. Email E.VICK1@GENIE.GEIS.COM. Entire contents ©1996 Matt Howarth. All rights reserved. Some of the material in this issue was previously published by Howski Studios and Ralph Records in 1982 and 1983 in the limited edition mini-comics THE COMIX OF TWO CITIES #s 1 and 2. THE RESIDENTS, the MOLES and the CHUBS are all trademarked by the Cryptic Corporation. This is a work of fiction; any similarity between names, characters, and/or situations herein is purely coincidental.

THIS IS NOT PART THREE OF THE RESIDENTS' MOLE TRILOGY.

First Printing.

MUPubs #313.



MATT HOWARTH: story·art·treatments

DANIEL SILK: story·models

BRENDA BARROWS: photography

SO... THE FOLKS UPSTAIRS FEEL THAT YOU READERS NEED A SYNOPSIS RIGHT ABOUT NOW, SO THAT YOU CAN FULLY APPRECIATE THE LUSTERING GEM OF A COMIC BOOK THAT YOU ARE ABOUT TO READ.

...AS IF YOU COULDN'T GO READ THE LAST ISSUE OVER AGAIN...

AND WHO, YOU ASK, ARE THESE FOLKS UPSTAIRS? THEY COULD BE ANYONE, BUT THEY SURE AIN'T MOLES. MOLES ALL LIVE IN BASEMENT FLATS.

WELL, HERE GOES: YOU SEE, BOY INVENTOR **TOM MOLE** HAS THIS ECCENTRIC RELATIVE, **BUCKFINSTER MULLER**. WELL, IT SEEMS THAT UNCLE BUCKY'S BRAIN GOT STOLEN BY **BOSS CHUB**. TOM TRACKED DOWN THE VILLAINS TO THEIR SECRET UNDERWATER BASE, BUT WHEN UNCLE BUCKY'S MACRO-DYMAXIAL BRAIN WAS PLACED IN **DR. FETT'S** FRANKONTAINER, IT CHANGED FROM PATERNAL TO INFERNAL, BECOMING THE EVIL BRAIN OF **BUCKSINISTER MOLER**. TOM'S PAL BUD AND THE POLICE ARRIVED TO SAVE THE DAY, BUT IN THE SCUFFLE **BUCKSINISTER MOLER** ESCAPED!

AND NOW THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE GOING ON WITH THE MOON... WEIRD SCIENCE IN THE SKY. I TELL YOU, WE MOLES SURE LIVE IN INTERESTING TIMES.

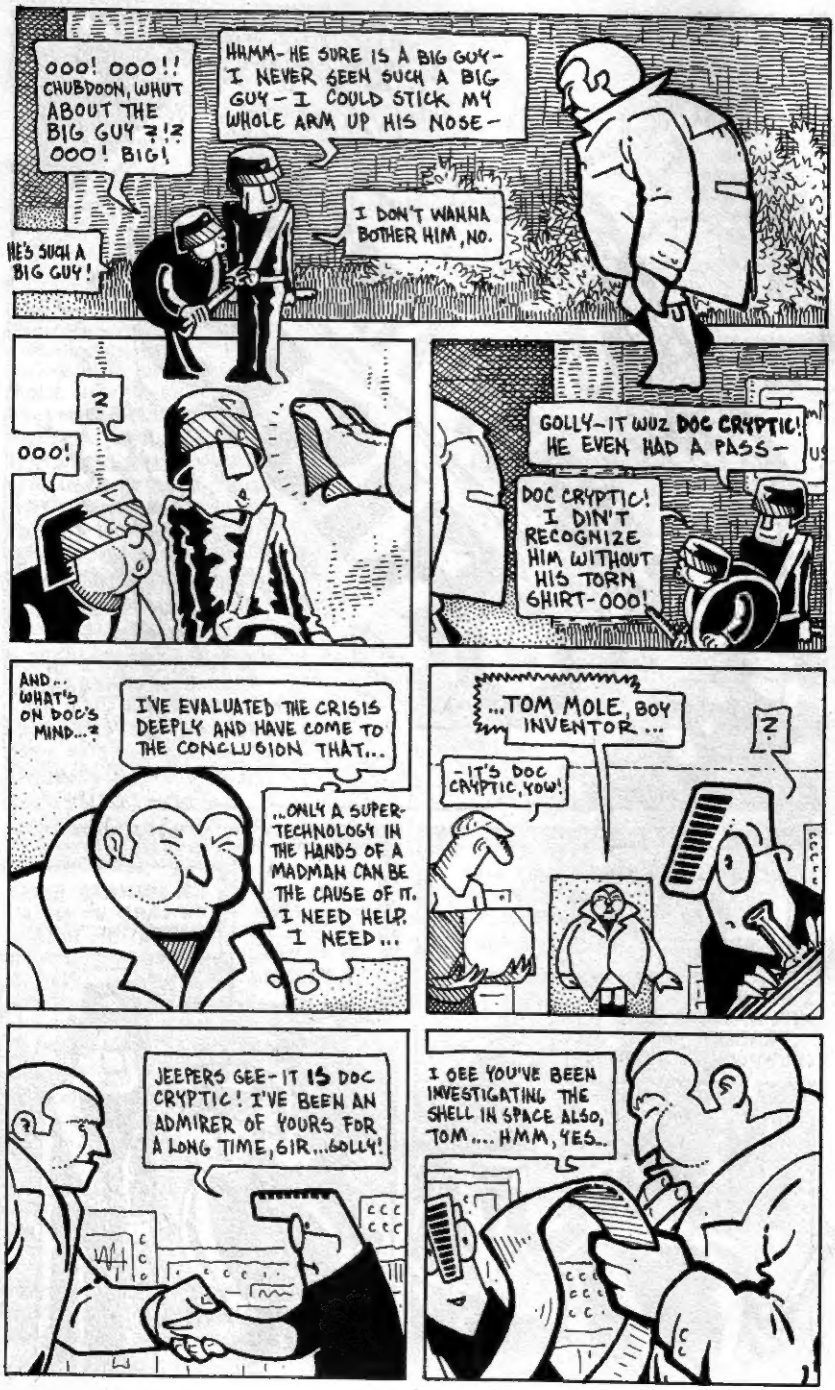
WHO NEEDS A DUCK FOR FUN THESE DAYS?

THIS PAGE
WORDS: HOWARTH ART: FERRET

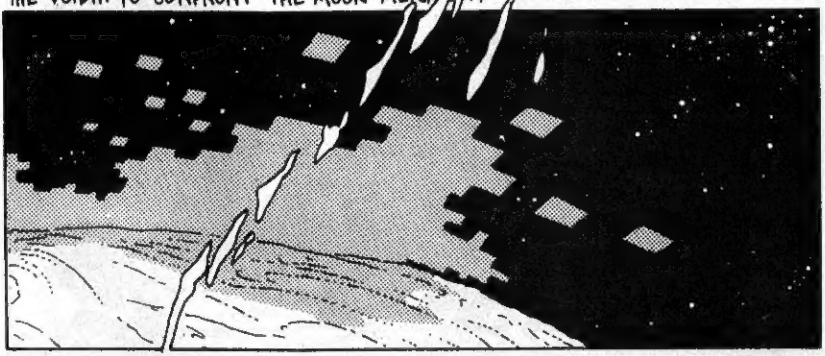
CHUBBY TIMES
LATE EDITION
$3.00
CRISIS!
Around the world, Mallomar Observatory do with the planet panic is turning into have theorized that once it's packed, is hysteria as the sky some extra-terrestrial unfathomable at this continues to be slow- species may be behind time."
blotted out by this unparalleled Meanwhile,
ious slabs of phenomena. rage in every
wn material. "Whoever is behind the globe,
at Mount it, they seem intent ar
ervatory on encasing our world those
that in some type of con- subjecto
rial tainer or module," nigh
nd says Dr. Reebart L. sh
Chubward, Directo
f the I CAN LIVE
GE Society,
they're

CHUTTI, YOU TUBA! THAT WAS THE MAYOR YOU WERE BOTHERING FOR TO SEE HIS GREEN CARD! WHAT KINDA JERK ARE YOU?!
I MUS' BE A JERK WITH A GLANDULAR PROBLEM, HUH, CHUBDOON-I DUNNO.
TomMo
ISTR

YOUSE CAN NEVER BE TOO CAREFUL IN TIMES OF CRISIS, YA KNOW...
YER ANTICS'RE BOUND TO LAND US ON A SANITATION DETAIL!


OOO! OOO!! CHUBDOON, WHUT ABOUT THE BIG GUY ?!? OOO! BIG!
HMMM- HE SURE IS A BIG GUY- I NEVER SEEN SUCH A BIG GUY- I COULD STICK MY WHOLE ARM UP HIS NOSE-
HE'S SUCH A BIG GUY!
I DON'T WANNA BOTHER HIM, NO.
?
OOO!
GOLLY- IT WUZ DOC CRYPTIC! HE EVEN HAD A PASS-
DOC CRYPTIC! I DIN'T RECOGNIZE HIM WITHOUT HIS TORN SHIRT- OOO!
AND... WHAT'S ON DOC'S MIND...?
I'VE EVALUATED THE CRISIS DEEPLY AND HAVE COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT...
..ONLY A SUPER-TECHNOLOGY IN THE HANDS OF A MADMAN CAN BE THE CAUSE OF IT. I NEED HELP. I NEED...
...TOM MOLE, BOY INVENTOR...
-IT'S DOC CRYPTIC, YOW!
?
JEEPERS GEE- IT IS DOC CRYPTIC! I'VE BEEN AN ADMIRER OF YOURS FOR A LONG TIME, SIR...GOLLY!
I SEE YOU'VE BEEN INVESTIGATING THE SHELL IN SPACE ALSO, TOM.... HMM, YES..

FORTUNATELY, THE SKY ABOVE TOM MOLE'S LAUNCH SITE IS NOT YET BLOCKED BY THE MYSTERIOUS FOAM COCOON, AND SO OUR DAUNTLESS HEROES BLAST OFF INTO THE VOID... TO CONFRONT THE MOON MENACE!!



LOOK! (ELUSIVE TRILLING NOISE) THERE — ON THE DEADLY DAYLIGHT SIDE OF THE MOON!

I CAN'T MAKE IT OUT, DOC... I'LL FLY US IN CLOSER...

...FACTORIES...

THEY'RE EXTRACTING STYROFOAM FROM THE MOON...

THERE APPEARS TO BE A LUNAR GAS ENVELOPE... IT COULD BE A BY-PRODUCT OF THE EVIL EXTRACTION PROCESS... CAN YOU CHECK ON IT, TOM MOLE?

JEEPERS, DOC CRYPTIC — IT'S OXYGEN AND NITROGEN!

AAW-WE DON'T GET TO WEAR OUR NEAT SPACE-SUITS?

-CAN IT AND LAND US, BUD...

CEDE

PHEEB

SPA FON

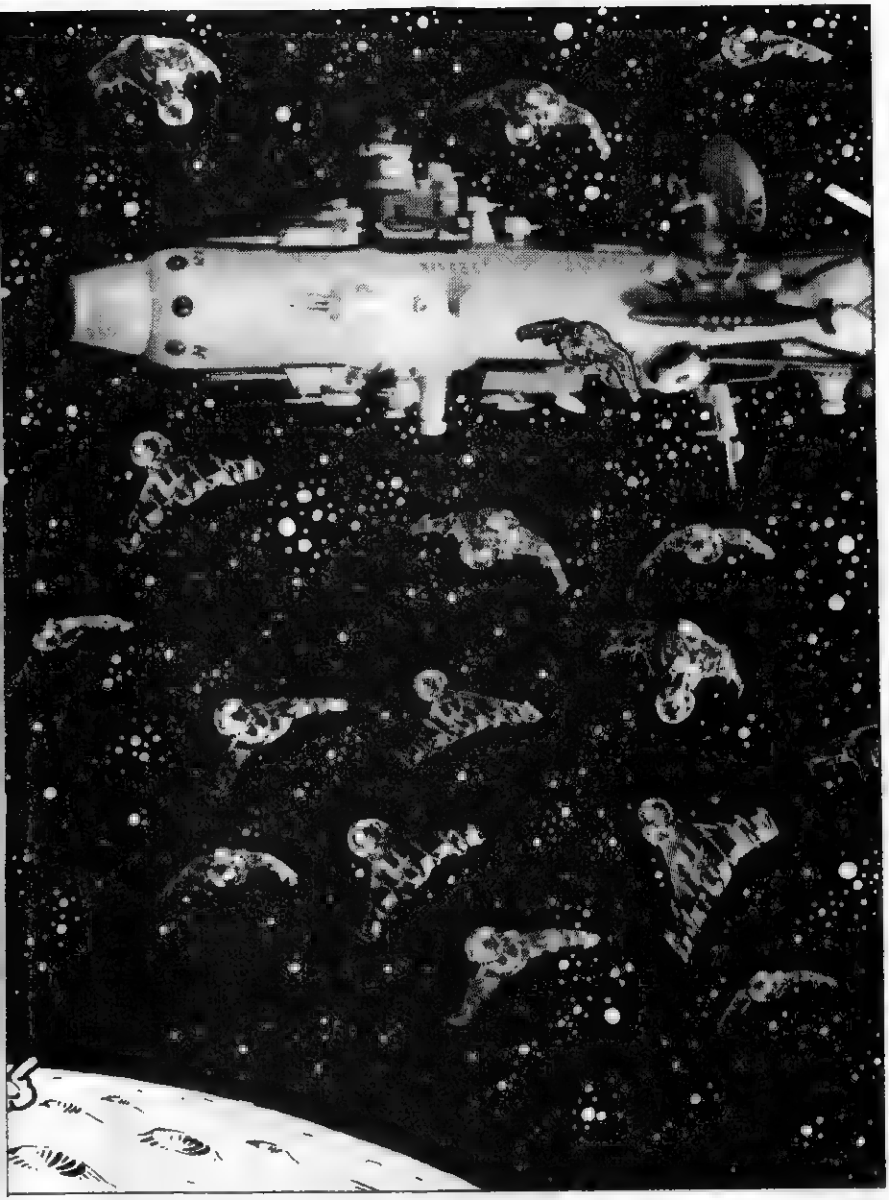
MALT BALLS

THERE'S NOBODY HERE EXCEPT THE ROBOT WORK FORCE COLLECTING AND PROCESSING THE MOONDUST INTO FOAM SLABS.

SEEMS KINDA FUNNY, DON'T YA THINK? ALL THESE ROBOTS AND NO GUARDS WITH...

-GUNS?

– COL. MUSTARD!?
NOBODY MOVE! OR MY CHUB COMMANDOS'LL SHOOT THE LITTLE GUY!!
HAW – THOUGHT YOU COULD OUTWIT ME, EH, TOM MOLE?
I KNEW YOU WERE THE EVIL GENIUS BEHIND THE GIANT SPACE SHELL BEFORE IT EVEN APPEARED! SO MY MEN AND I STOWED AWAY ON YOUR ROCKET.
AND NOW – IN THESE NEAT SPACE SUITS WE FOUND IN YOUR SHIP – WE CATCH YOU RED-HANDED!
YOU REALLY SHOULD DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT TUMOR, SIR. DOC CRYPTIC, BUD, AND I ARE HERE TO SAVE THE WORLD.
GRATZ
AS A HORDE OF WORKER ROBOTS LEAP UPON THEM, A MELEE ENSUES...
HOLY MOLEY! WHA'S THAT?
UNTIL SUDDENLY –



YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I DO, TOM MOLE—THAT'S YOUR DIABOLICAL SPACE ARMADA—TOWING IN ANOTHER ICETEROID FOR SOME IMMORAL PURPOSE!

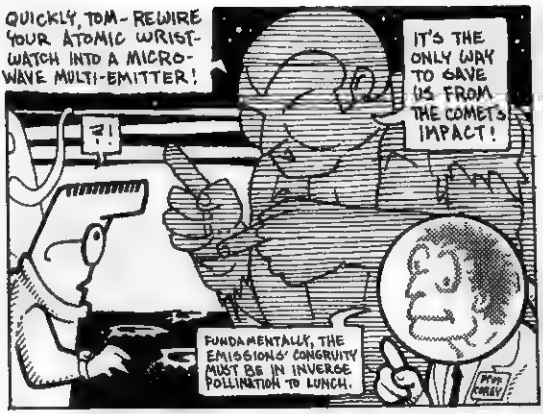
(DO YOU SERIOUSLY THINK I'D'VE FLOWN TO THE MOON IN MY DINKY ROCKET IF I COULD BUILD SHIPS LIKE THOSE?)

—PREPARE TO EXPIRE!

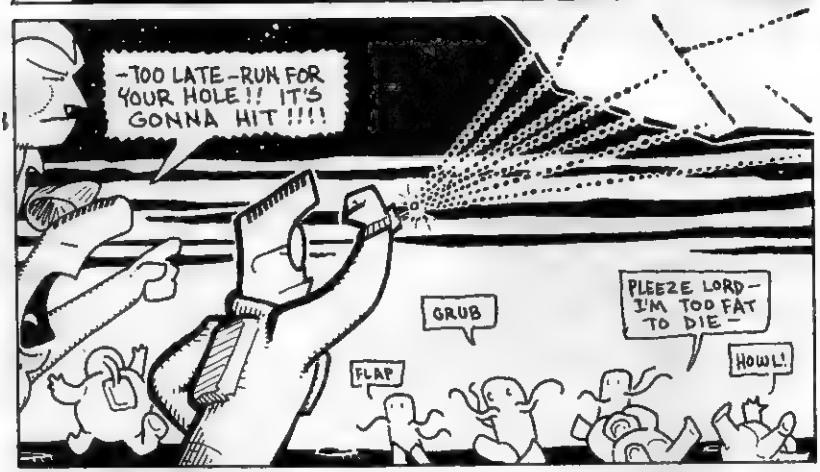
PRETENTIOUS CURS! TO INTERRUPT THE FABULOUSLY CRIMINAL PLANS OF **BUCKSINISTER MOLER** IS TO INVITE UTTER ANNIHILATION!!

NOTHING CAN STOP ME FROM ENCASING THE PLANET IN MY SPECIAL GEODESIC FOAM, AND THEN KNOCKING IT FREE FROM ORBIT!! DIE!

—HOWLING MICROSCOPES! IT'S UNCLE BUCKY'S ESCAPED BRAIN! NO!!

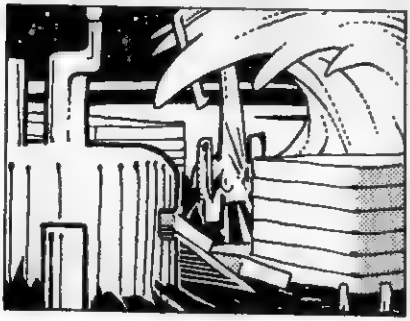

QUICKLY, TOM- REWIRE YOUR ATOMIC WRIST-WATCH INTO A MICRO-WAVE MULTI-EMITTER!
?!
IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO SAVE US FROM THE COMET'S IMPACT!
FUNDAMENTALLY, THE EMISSIONS' CONGRUITY MUST BE IN INVERSE POLLINATION TO LUNCH.
RYAN CONLEY

WILL TOM DO IT IN TIME?
HE BETTER!
POKE FIDDLE ADJUST TURN POKE


-TOO LATE-RUN FOR YOUR HOLE!! IT'S GONNA HIT!!!!
GRUB
FLAP
PLEEZE LORD- I'M TOO FAT TO DIE-
HOWL!

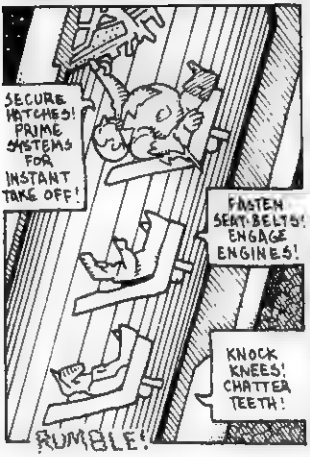
...IT WORKED.

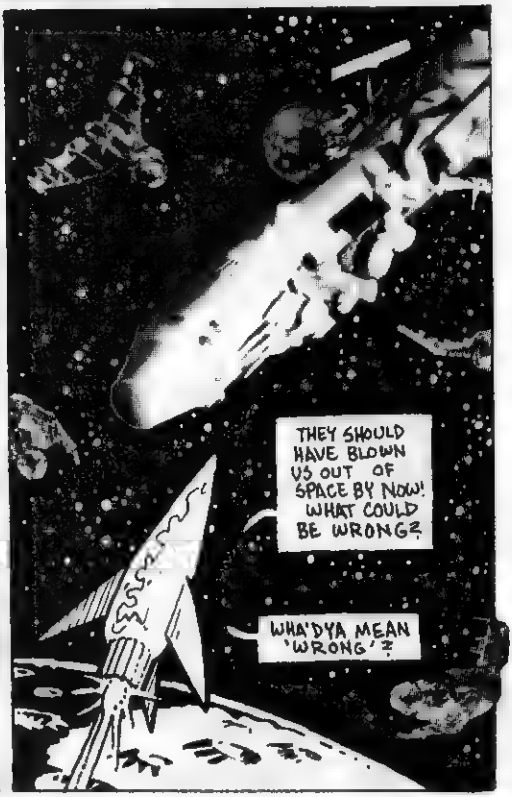
FULLY MEASURING UP TO THEIR REPUTATION, SGT. IRWIN COREY AND HIS BURROWING COMMANDOS QUICKLY MASTER THE SITUATION, SAVING THEMSELVES WITH A WAR-CRY...

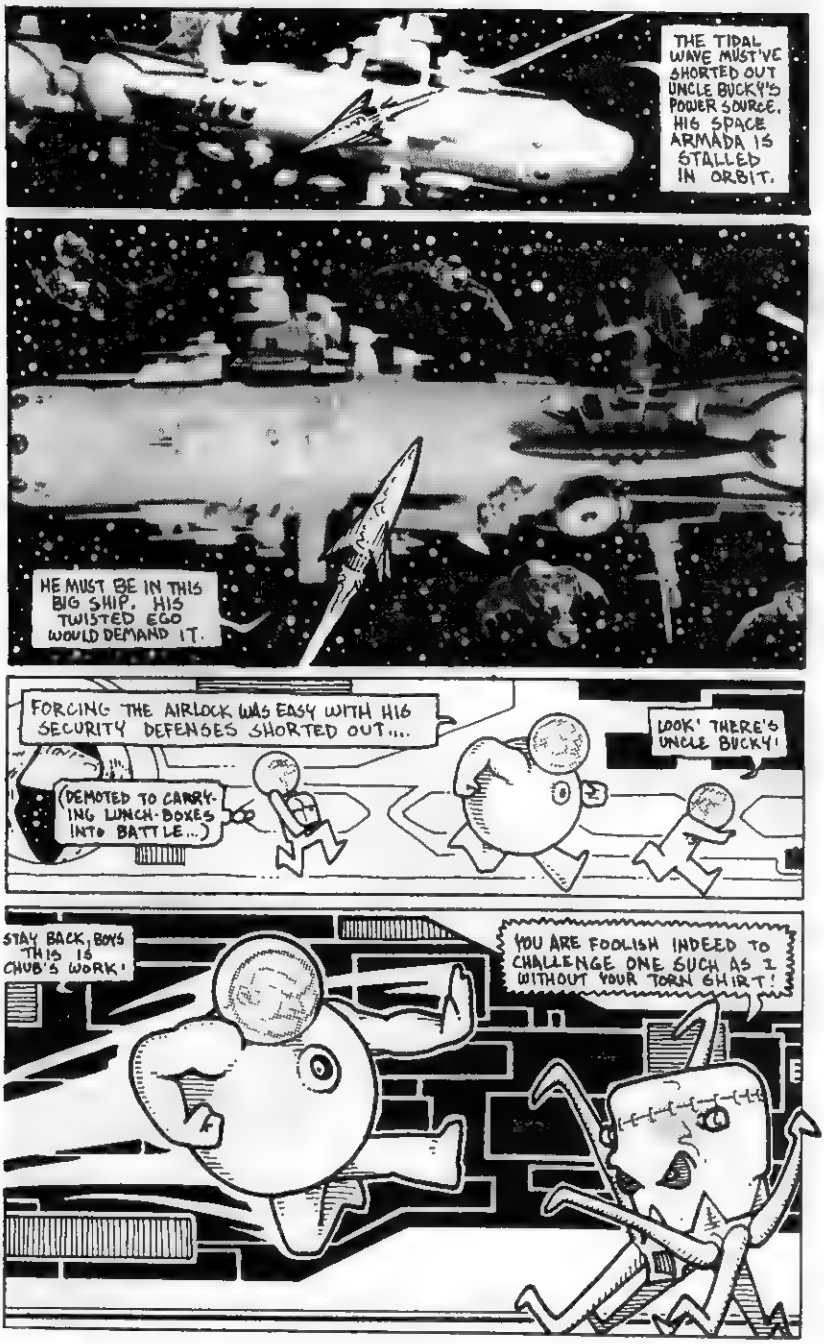


THEY'VE TORN MY SHIRT AGAIN - THAT REALLY MAKES ME MAD!
YOWIE YIMINEE - FASTER, DOC! THE TIDAL WAVE'S IMMERSED THE MOON-BASE - AND NOW IT'S CARRYING THE FACTORY'S ELECTRICAL CURRENT!
SNAP
GURGLE
POP

HURRY! FAST FAST!


SECURE HATCHES! PRIME SYSTEMS FOR INSTANT TAKE OFF!
FASTEN SEAT-BELTS! ENGAGE ENGINES!
KNOCK KNEES! CHATTER TEETH!
RUMBLE!


THEY SHOULD HAVE BLOWN US OUT OF SPACE BY NOW! WHAT COULD BE WRONG?
WHA'DYA MEAN 'WRONG'?


THE TIDAL WAVE MUST'VE SHORTED OUT UNCLE BUCKY'S POWER SOURCE. HIS SPACE ARMADA IS STALLED IN ORBIT.
HE MUST BE IN THIS BIG SHIP. HIS TWISTED EGO WOULD DEMAND IT.
FORCING THE AIRLOCK WAS EASY WITH HIS SECURITY DEFENSES SHORTED OUT....
(DEMOTED TO CARRYING LUNCH-BOXES INTO BATTLE...)
LOOK! THERE'S UNCLE BUCKY!
STAY BACK, BOYS THIS IS CHUB'S WORK!
YOU ARE FOOLISH INDEED TO CHALLENGE ONE SUCH AS I WITHOUT YOUR TORN SHIRT!

YOU CANNOT HOPE TO DEFEAT ME, CRYPTIC. JOIN ME INSTEAD—

I ALWAYS KNOW I'M WINNING WHEN THEY MAKE THAT OFFER.

AWK-NO! LEGGO!! DON'T OPEN MY HEAD!

QUICK NOW, BUD—

HERE

OPEN THE LUNCH-BOX!

HURRY!

IN YOU GO, UNCLE BUCKY. YOU'RE FREE NOW OF THE CORRUPTIVE INFLUENCE OF DR. FETT'S FRANKONTAINER. THIS JURY-RIGGED LUNCH-BOX WILL PROTECT YOU UNTIL WE GET BACK ON THE GROUND.

STEALING THE ENTIRE PLANET... WHAT A BRILLIANT—BUT DASTARDLY—SCHEME. I'M GLAD WE STOPPED HIM BEFORE IT WAS TOO LATE.

AND JUST THINK OF ALL THE GOOD WE CAN DO WITH HIS SPACE ARMADA...!

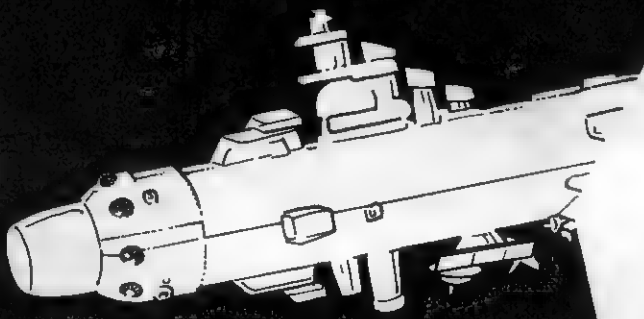
SPACE RANGERS! (WOW!)

"...EACH EXPERIENCE BEGINS AND ENDS —ERGO, IS FINITE."

WELL... IT SOUNDS LIKE UNCLE BUCKY IS HIS OLD SELF AGAIN... AND JUST IN TIME FOR THE END OF THIS STORY.

~GASP! IT'S SHADOMOLE!
MH

At The Molehills of Madness

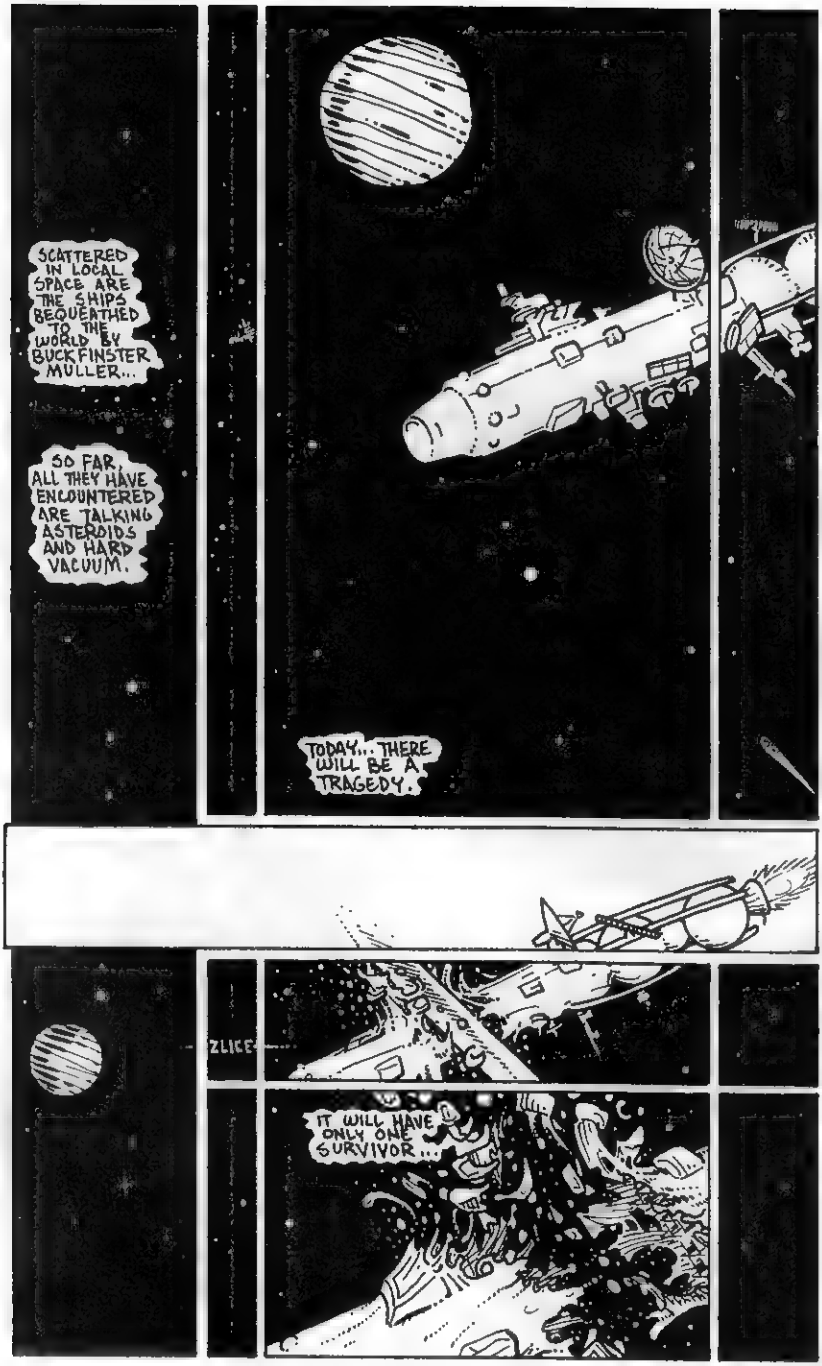


STORY/ART: MATT HOWARTH

WITH

B. BARROWS: HIDDEN CAMERA

D. SILK: MODELS

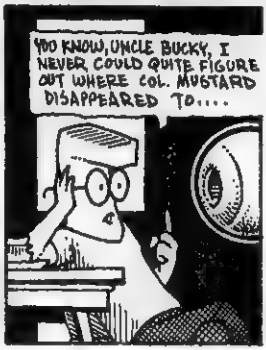

SCATTERED IN LOCAL SPACE ARE THE SHIPS BEQUEATHED TO THE WORLD BY BUCKFINSTER MULLER...
SO FAR, ALL THEY HAVE ENCOUNTERED ARE TALKING ASTEROIDS AND HARD VACUUM.
TODAY... THERE WILL BE A TRAGEDY.
ZLICE
IT WILL HAVE ONLY ONE SURVIVOR...

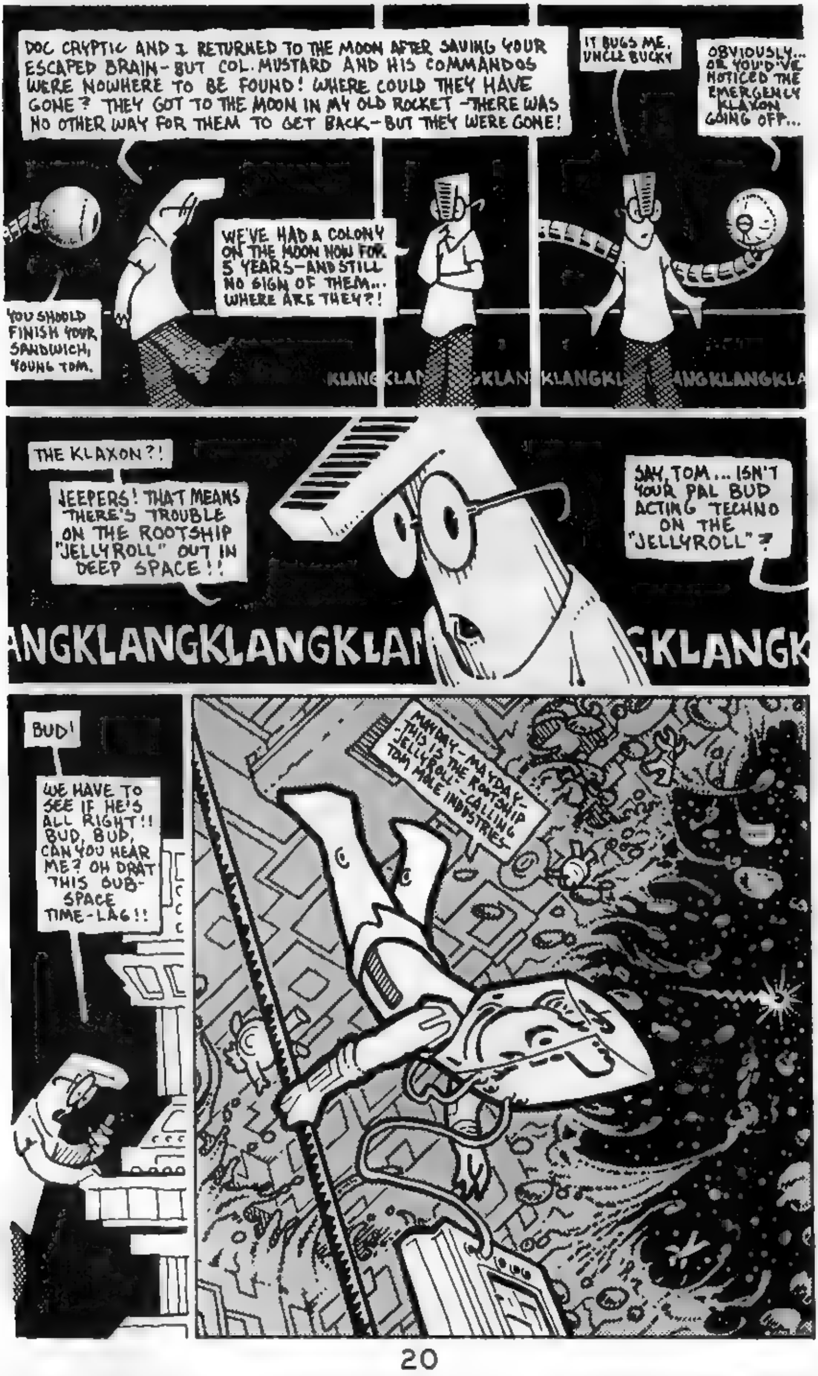
MOST CULTS ARE PRACTICED AT NIGHT...

NOT UNLIKE MOST CULTS, THE MONKS OF ST. WHISPER DO NOT PROPERLY COMPREHEND THE POWERS THEY ATTEMPT TO INVOKE. THEIR ACTIONS AND NOCTURNAL CHANTS ARE PROMPTED MORE BY TRADITION THAN ANY UNDERSTANDING.

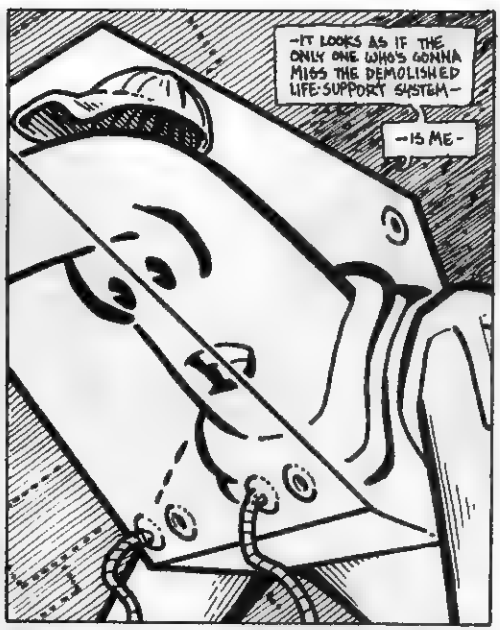
CHANT CHANT CHANT

OTHERWISE THE MONKS OF ST. WHISPER MIGHT NOT HAVE FAILED TO RECOGNIZE THE FIRST TWO ANSWERS TO THEIR PRAYERS (WHICH ARE - OF COURSE - WORDED IN A LANGUAGE UNDERSTOOD ONLY BY A SELECT GROUP OF AQUATIC INVERTEBRATES). AS IT IS, THEY REMAIN UNAWARE OF (A) THE TIGHT ENCODED SUB-SPATIAL BEAM THAT GAVE A CERTAIN TEUTONIC PROFESSOR A CURIOUS OBSESSION ... AND (B) THE VISITATION ON THE MOON THAT RESULTED IN THE UNEXPLAINED DISAPPEARANCE OF COL. MUSTARD AND A GROUP OF COMMANDOS. TOM MOLE NEVER COULD QUITE UNDERSTAND THAT LAST ONE.





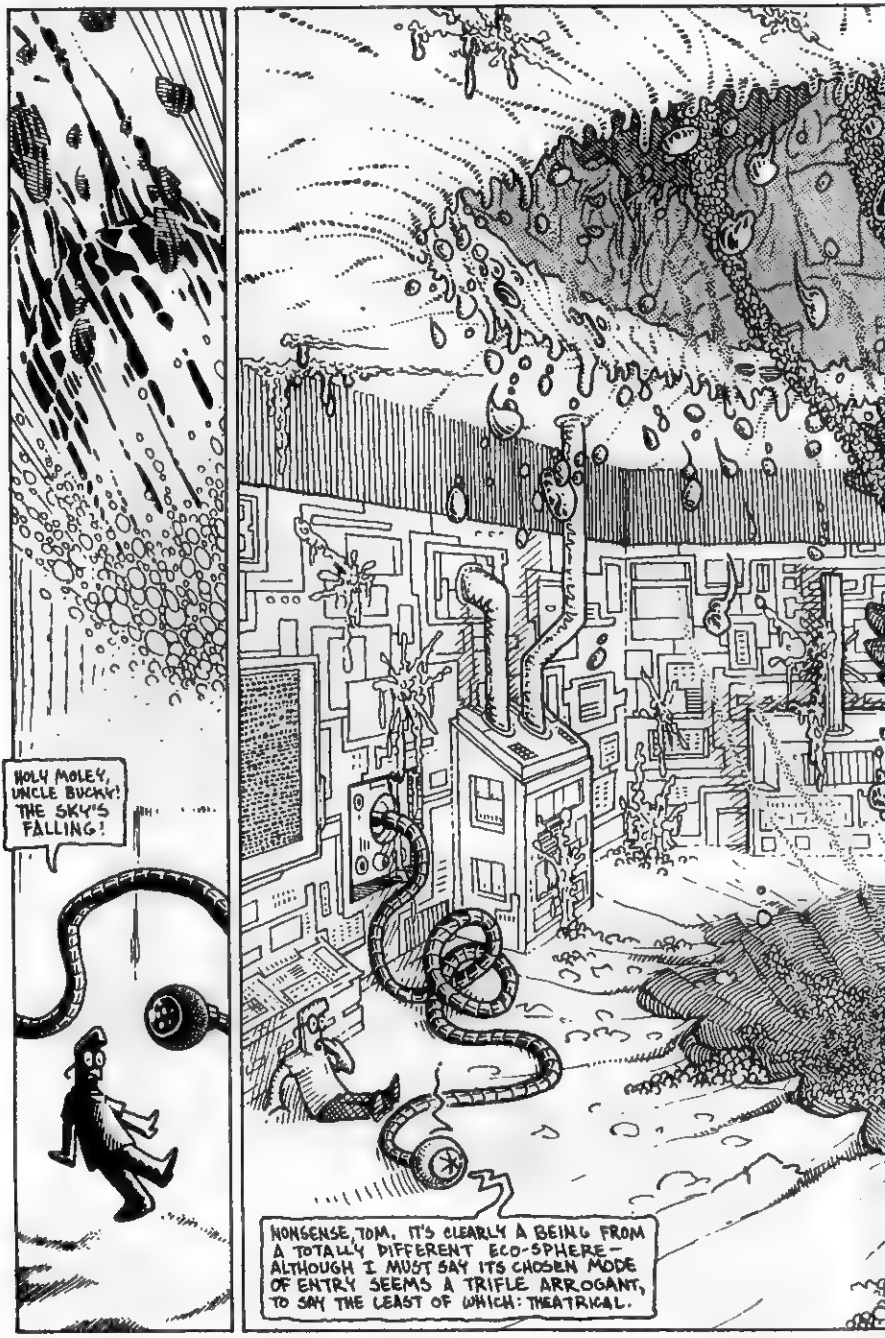
DOC CRYPTIC AND I RETURNED TO THE MOON AFTER SAVING YOUR ESCAPED BRAIN- BUT COL. MUSTARD AND HIS COMMANDOS WERE NOWHERE TO BE FOUND! WHERE COULD THEY HAVE GONE? THEY GOT TO THE MOON IN MY OLD ROCKET -THERE WAS NO OTHER WAY FOR THEM TO GET BACK- BUT THEY WERE GONE!
YOU SHOULD FINISH YOUR SANDWICH, YOUNG TOM.
WE'VE HAD A COLONY ON THE MOON NOW FOR 5 YEARS-AND STILL NO SIGN OF THEM... WHERE ARE THEY?!
KLANGKLAN GKLAN
IT BUGS ME, UNCLE BUCKY
OBVIOUSLY... OR YOU'D'VE NOTICED THE EMERGENCY KLAXON GOING OFF...
KLANGKL ANGKLANGKLA
THE KLAXON?!
JEEPERS! THAT MEANS THERE'S TROUBLE ON THE ROOTSHIP "JELLYROLL" OUT IN DEEP SPACE!!
SAY, TOM... ISN'T YOUR PAL BUD ACTING TECHNO ON THE "JELLYROLL"?
ANGKLANGKLANGKLAN GKLANGK
BUD!
WE HAVE TO SEE IF HE'S ALL RIGHT!! BUD, BUD, CAN YOU HEAR ME? OH DRAT THIS SUB-SPACE TIME-LAG!!
MAYDAY-MAYDAY- THIS IS THE ROOTSHIP -JELLYROLL- CALLING TOM HALE INDUSTRIES-



PERHAPS BUD'S MAYDAY IS INVISIBLE TO **YOU** AS IT FLEETS THE VACUUM...

...BUT TO THE HUNGRY THING IN SPACE, THE DISTRESS CALL IS AN INCANDESCENT ARROW...

...GUIDING IT ACROSS THE INTERSTELLER VOID, DIRECTLY TO THE LABORATORIES OF MOLE-TIE-MILLIONAIRE BOY INVENTOR—TOM MOLE.

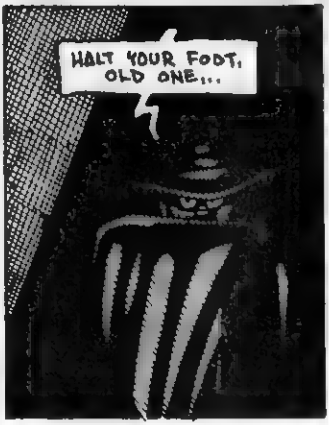

HOLY MOLEY, UNCLE BUCKY! THE SKY'S FALLING!
NONSENSE, TOM. IT'S CLEARLY A BEING FROM A TOTALLY DIFFERENT ECO-SPHERE— ALTHOUGH I MUST SAY ITS CHOSEN MODE OF ENTRY SEEMS A TRIFLE ARROGANT, TO SAY THE LEAST OF WHICH: THEATRICAL.

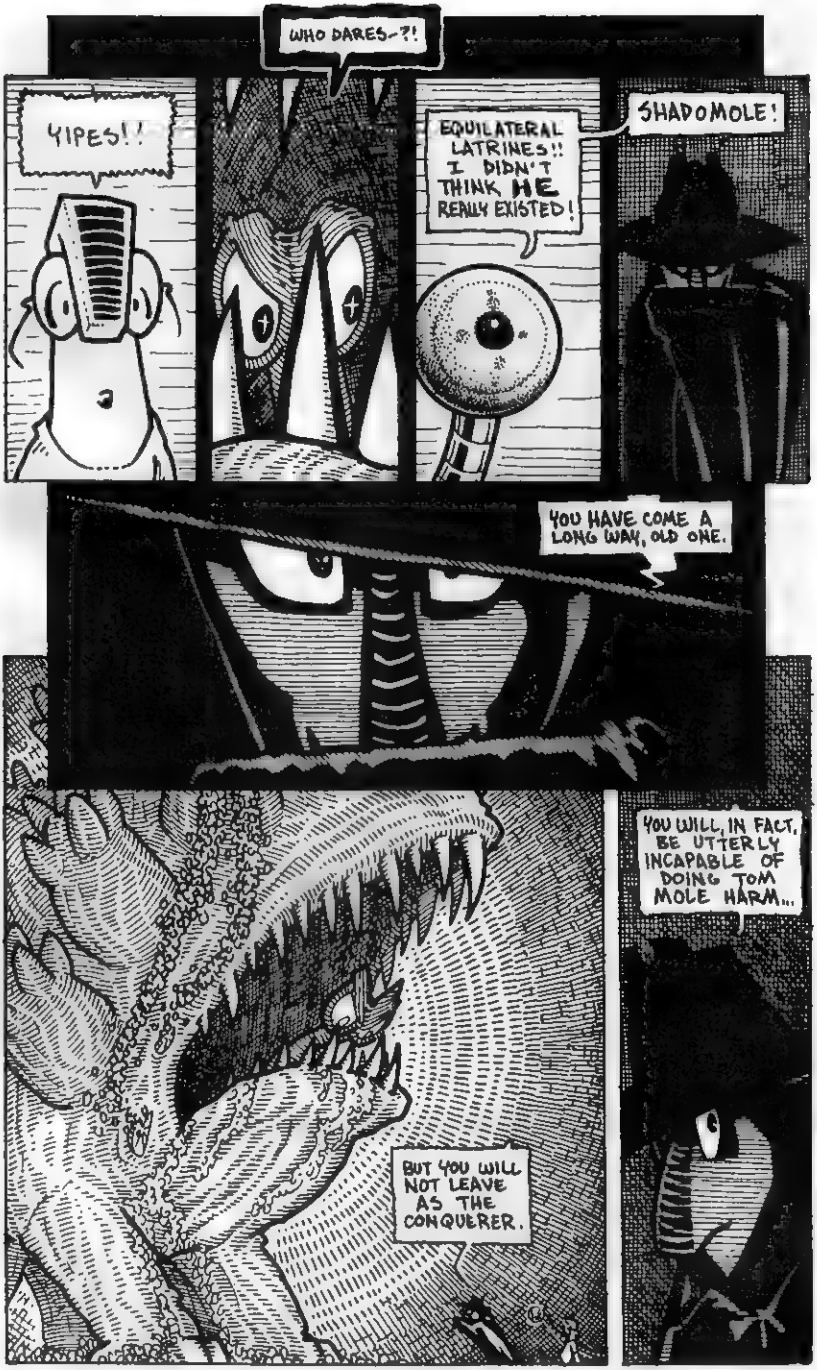
ON THE QUESTION OF WHICH ORGANISM PRESENT IS

SPENDING EGGONS UNSHELLED IN PLANNING THE CONQUEST OF THE PLANET YOU LIVE ON... SUB-SORT-SPACE CYCLING THE APPEARANCE OF A CRIMINAL-GENIUS... TO BE THWARTED BY THIS TOM MOLE BEING!
...TOM'S NOT HERE... HE'S OUT OF TOWN.
(IT WOULD SEEM THAT THIS STAR CREATURE IS CLAIMING CREDIT FOR DR. FETT'S FRANKON-TAINER, TOM. WHAT AN EGO.)

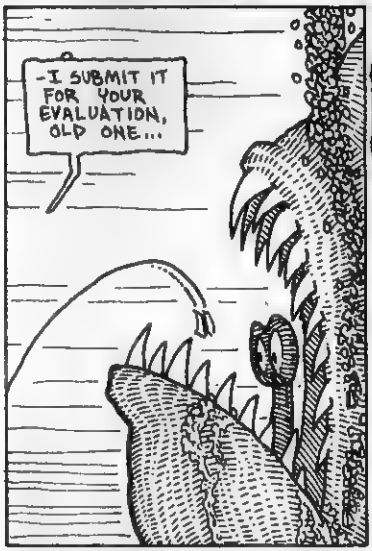
WE LEARNED EVERYTHING — HOW TO RESONATE YOUR LANGUAGE — HOW TOM MOLE CORRUPTED OUR PLANS — HOW TO TELL THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN WHITE BREAD AND TAXI-CABS — WE LEARNED ALL BY ASSIMILATING THE COL. MUSTARD AND SGT. IRWIN COREY ORGANISMS ON YOUR COLD-MASS SATELLITE. OUR PLANS WERE OF COSMETIC IMPORTANCE — AND THOSE WHO'VE SMEARED OUR PLANS, MUST EAT THE PIE — AND EAT IT UNCOOKED!

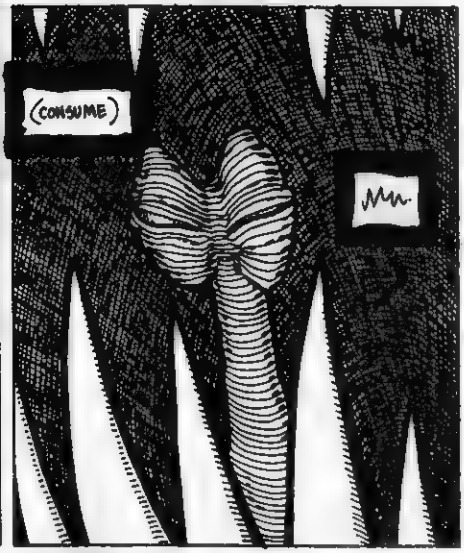
— OUR VENGEANCE IS AT-FOOT!
ULP


HALT YOUR FOOT, OLD ONE...

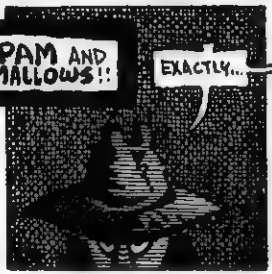

YIPES!!
WHO DARES-?!
EQUILATERAL LATRINES!! I DIDN'T THINK HE REALLY EXISTED!
SHADOMOLE!
YOU HAVE COME A LONG WAY, OLD ONE.
YOU WILL, IN FACT, BE UTTERLY INCAPABLE OF DOING TOM MOLE HARM...
BUT YOU WILL NOT LEAVE AS THE CONQUERER.

I OFFER THIS SANDWICH FROM TOM MOLE'S LUNCH AS EVIDENCE THAT I SPEAK...
MY LUNCH?
THE TRUTH!

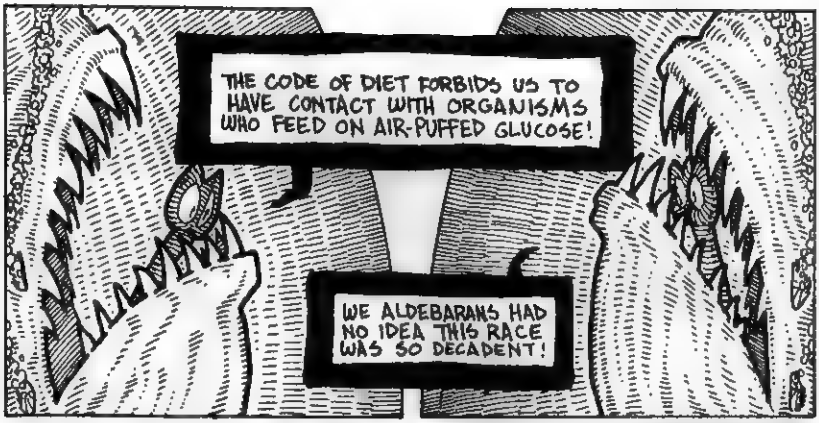

-I SUBMIT IT FOR YOUR EVALUATION, OLD ONE...


(CONSUME)
MM.

-AUGH!! SPAM AND MARSHMALLOWS!!


EXACTLY...

...AND HE WAS GOING TO EAT IT.
I WAS?

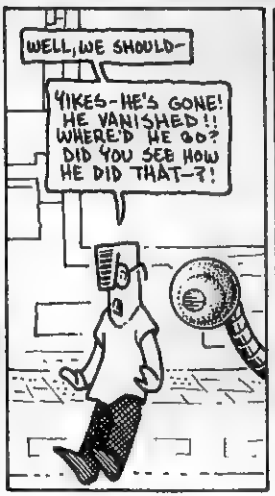

THE CODE OF DIET FORBIDS US TO HAVE CONTACT WITH ORGANISMS WHO FEED ON AIR-PUFFED GLUCOSE!
WE ALDEBARANS HAD NO IDEA THIS RACE WAS SO DECADENT!

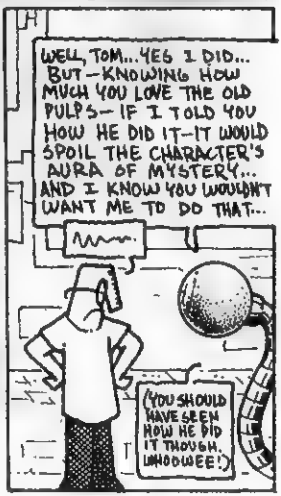
IT MAKES US SICK - WE MUST VACATE!
WELL, SHADOMOLE, THAT WAS SOME PRETTY IMPRESSIVE XENO-PSYCHOLOGY IN ACTION.

I WOULD BE VERY INTERESTED TO FIND OUT HOW YOU LEARNED TO DO THAT...

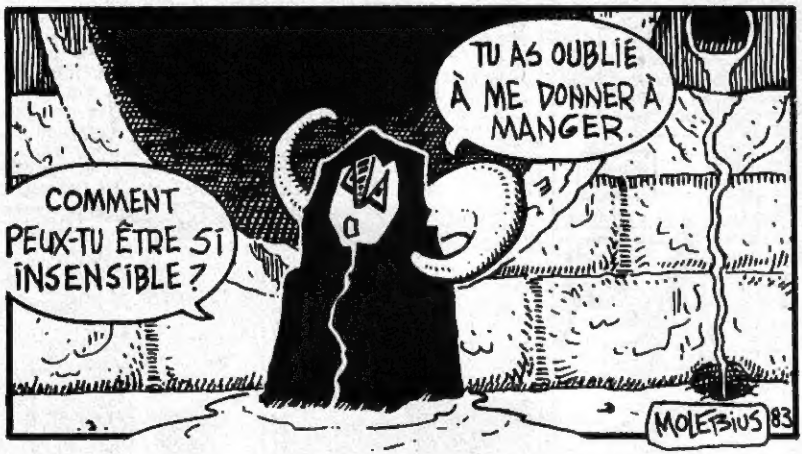
IGNORANCE OF OTHER CULTURES, HOWEVER ALIEN, IS UNCOOL.

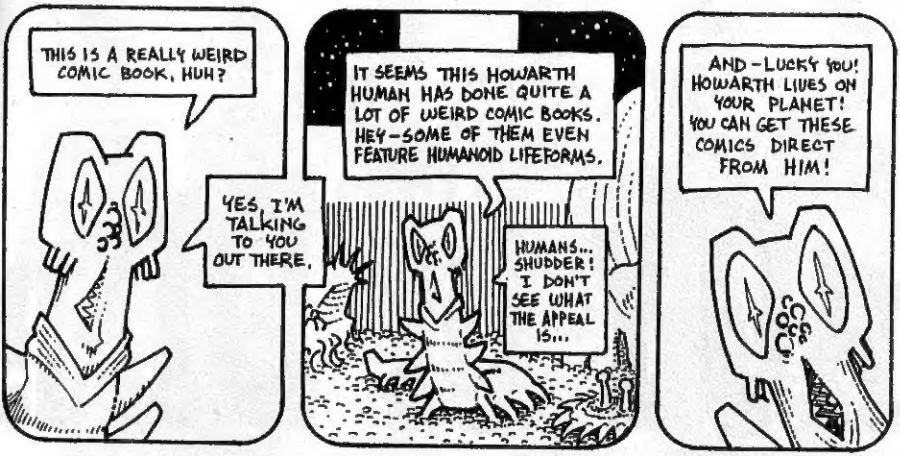
WELL, UNCLE BUCKY- THE WORLD MAY WELL BE SAVED- BUT WHAT ABOUT BUD!?
HE'S IN TROUBLE.


WELL, WE SHOULD-
YIKES - HE'S GONE! HE VANISHED!! WHERE'D HE GO? DID YOU SEE HOW HE DID THAT-?!


WELL, TOM... YES I DID... BUT - KNOWING HOW MUCH YOU LOVE THE OLD PULPS - IF I TOLD YOU HOW HE DID IT - IT WOULD SPOIL THE CHARACTER'S AURA OF MYSTERY... AND I KNOW YOU WOULDN'T WANT ME TO DO THAT...
(YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN HOW HE DID IT THOUGH. WHOOWEE!)

LE CAVE HERMETIQUE





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